

PLAYBOY

A full-page photograph of actress Charlotte Lewis is the background for the cover. She is submerged in clear blue water, looking directly at the camera with a serene expression. Her right arm is raised high above her head, and her left arm is bent. She is wearing a vibrant red two-piece bikini with lace detailing on the straps and sides. Bubbles and light reflections are visible around her, giving a sense of being underwater.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1993 • \$5.95

CHARLOTTE LEWIS

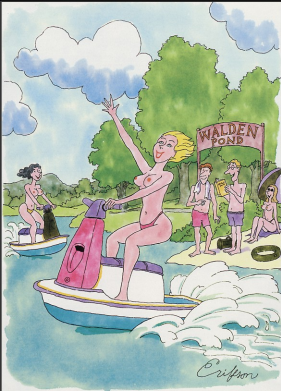
THE GOLDEN
CHILD IS A
GROWN-UP
SIZZLER

MONEY
TALKS!
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
BARRY BONDS

PRIESTS AND SEX
WHAT'S THE STORY?

DAN GREENBURG
DISCOVERS WITCHES
AND WOMEN

PLAYMATES
AT BERNIE'S
BABES TO DIE FOR



"Topless? Thoreau doesn't say anything about topless."



LUCKY STIFF

After meeting our Playmates, Terry Kiser—
a.k.a. Bernie of *Weekend at Bernie's*—
thought he'd died and gone to heaven



text by TERRY KISER

EVERY ACTOR fears dying—on-stage, on-screen or in real life. But playing the title corpse in *Weekend at Bernie's* was the best career move I've ever made. The 1989 movie grossed \$35 million and turned Bernie into the most popular dead entertainer since Elvis.

For those of you who missed the original film, it's the story of insurance embezzler Bernie Lomax and the \$2 million he stole. When two junior execs (played by Andrew McCarthy and Jonathan Silverman) discover that the funds are missing, Bernie invites them to a holiday weekend at his beach house in the Hamptons on Long Island. Finding their host murdered by a hit man, the two keep Bernie "alive" during the weekend's festivities while trying to avoid the same fate. The saga now continues in *Weekend at Bernie's 2*, due out this month. With the new movie and this pictorial to increase Bernie Lomax's fame, he'll probably be around for an eternity. That means I will, too.

It's strange how people confuse me with the character I play. Take our PLAYBOY photo shoot on the island of St. Thomas, which is where the sequel was filmed as well. At first my Playmate pals from the movie were self-conscious about frolicking nude in front of me. But in no time, I became fun-loving, harmless Bernie. To get the right shots, they placed my hands on



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA





their thighs and breasts, hoping to embarrass me. Sorry to disappoint you ladies, I loved it. If I had known women were so attracted to the strong, silent type, I would have died professionally years ago.

Fans don't feel threatened by Bernie, either. While we were filming, three topless women asked to have their pictures taken with me, apparently figuring that I was just Bernie—dead from the waist down. But before this Bernie phenomenon, not even my most diehard fans would have posed for a head shot with me.

And even though Bernie is dead, he can still enjoy the predicaments he's always getting people into. On the set, a woman started talking to a Bernie dummy that was laid out on a gurney. She carried on a one-way conversation, thinking it was me resting between scenes. Then I walked by and said hello to her. The lady almost died. But then, Bernie has that effect on people. I'm just happy to know him.

Bernie with six drop-dead beauties, **PLAYBOY** Playmates (floating clockwise from Bernie's feet) Tiffany Sloan, Morena Corwin, Kerri Kendall, Cheryl Bachman, Samantha Dorman and Julie Clarke.





"Whatever it is, it's not in Audubon."



"Let me guess. You're a dermatologist, right?"

LEISA SHERIDAN is trying to tell her life story, but there's a problem—and he's making a lot of noise. Montana, a six-month-old Moluccan cockatoo named for San Francisco 49ers quarterback Joe Montana, paces the perch in his cage,

broadcasting discontent and sounding like a child crying for his mom. The white bird is the newest member of a pampered menagerie in Leisa's large three-bedroom apartment in the San Fernando Valley. "I bottle-fed him when he was a baby," she says, taking him out of his birdcage and settling back on the couch with him. Montana tucks his beak under her chin and wiggles his way into the nest of golden curls that falls below Leisa's shoulders. She strokes his feathers and in a moment he is perfectly still. "Now he's happy," she says. "He's asleep." Leisa's collection also includes a parakeet named Dewey, a cat named Melrose and a year-old pup named Bear, who's one part shepherd, three parts wolf. Bear hangs out by the backyard pool, giving Leisa, for whom tanning is a vocation, the kind of privacy not even a cinder-block fence and thick shrubbery can provide. He's the big guy (opposite) keeping strangers at bay. "Nobody messes with me when I'm with Bear," says Leisa. For a girl who grew up in the safety of Carmel, California, a hundred pounds of wolf dog is a comfort in greater Los Angeles. Leisa knows her looks cause a stir: Witness the spring day she and a *rumor* photo crew were taking pictures on a trendy street in West Hollywood. Out from restaurants and boutiques swarmed men of all ages brandishing calling cards, begging to buy her dinner, promising small parts in movies. The memory makes her laugh. "A lot of the people you meet in L.A. are so full of it. They flatter you and tell you all the things they're



WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

presiding over her private menagerie, miss july
has learned never to cry wolf





Leisa likes Mexican food, the music of Elvis Presley and "living in a place with lots of trees and families and kids. When I walk out my front door, I see life—healthy, natural life—all around me." Late dinners? Nightclubbing in town? "I'd rather go to the beach with a man I love—then we'd get a good night's sleep."

going to do for you. When people act like that, I become introverted. I do a lot of listening until I know what someone's about." Lately, Leisa has heard encouraging words from the photographers and stylists who worked with her on the pictures on these pages. Although she considered becoming a model when she moved to Los Angeles four years ago, she never actively pursued the career until the day she stopped by our Sunset Boulevard studio to pose for test pictures. Chosen from among thousands of Playmate wanna-bes, Miss July admits she was nervous at the start of her photo shoot. "Being an amateur, I was a little intimidated," she says. "I don't have a problem with nudity, but at the beginning I sat there thinking, The crew should be naked, too! You get past that, though. Everyone was so patient and understanding. This experience has given me a lot of confidence."











For the moment, Leina plans to "wait and see where this is going to take me. I know my foot's in the door to something. I just don't know what that something is yet." She can entertain herself for days on end at home with her animals. When that gets old, she piles the lot of them into her Range Rover, drops them at the vet and takes off for the beach or a patch of desert. In the past few years she has jet-skied in Las Vegas, Palm Springs and on Lake Havasu, Arizona. She has sunned and bodysurfed in Jamaica, the Bahamas and Hawaii. That's five trips to Hawaii, but who's counting? "Travel is my passion," she says. "I love spontaneity. The best thing a man can say to me is, 'Hey, want to go to Jamaica tonight?' All I need is an hour and I'm gone."

—MARIAN BRUCE





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Leisa Sheridan

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Leisa Sheridan

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/28/64 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

AMBITIONS: I'd like to have a family with two sets of twins—and a career in modeling and acting.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, exotic animals, tropical beaches, Harley rides, rainy days by a fire.

TURN-OFFS: Drugs, liars, crime and all of those guys who give me their business cards and say "You're beautiful, Babe."

ON THE ROAD: I like everything about travel—packing, flying, checking in... maybe having a cocktail when I get to where I'm going.

LIFE'S A BEACH: Where I'm going is almost always a beautiful tropical beach. All I need is an hour's notice and I'll grab my bikini and fly! You bring the suntan oil.

P.S.: Cancun, anyone?



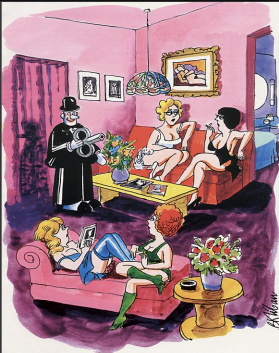
First modeling
Picture



Partying
with mom



Ms. Huge Hair
America



"You take this one, Bernice. I was never mechanically inclined."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Say, Branch, I hear you got hitched last week," one tough cowboy said to another as they met in a Montana saloon. "How did the honeymoon go?"

"Pretty good," Branch replied. "The first night, I undressed myself real slow in front of her so she wouldn't think I was a coward. Then I gave her a good talking to so she wouldn't think I was afraid of her. And at the end," he continued, "I satisfied myself so she wouldn't think I needed her."

Why is a laundromat a bad place to pick up women? Because a woman who can't afford even a washing machine will never be able to support you.



A homeless man spotted an elegantly dressed, kind-looking woman walking toward him on the street. Though begging had been anathema to him, his circumstances were desperate enough for him to reconsider.

"Excuse me, madam," he said as she drew close. "I haven't eaten a thing in six days."

"My God," she said as she switched through Bloomingdale's front door. "I wish I had your willpower."

While driving in the country, a man swerved to avoid striking a chicken that had suddenly darted onto the road. The bird not only avoided being struck but began to run ahead of the car, keeping in front even after the driver accelerated to 60 miles per hour. Fascinated, the man followed the chicken as it turned down a lane leading to a farm. It was then that he noticed that the chicken had three legs—in fact, the farmyard was full of three-legged chickens.

As the driver stopped his car, the farmer approached him. "I was just admiring your chickens," the man said. "I've never seen the three-legged variety before."

"Well, we developed this special hybrid so that for every two chickens we raised, we would have an extra pair of legs to sell," the farmer explained.

"How do they taste?"

"Don't rightly know," the farmer said with a shrug. "Never been able to catch one."

Conversation at the bar came to an abrupt halt when a horse slowly strode into the place. One patron, more than a little in his cups, turned to the new arrival and asked, "Hey, buddy, why the long face?"

Mr. Gold, bored while waiting for his train, noticed a scale with a sign proclaiming YOUR WEIGHT & OTHER INFORMATION, 25 CENTS and deposited a coin. A card appeared that read, YOU WEIGH 165 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS GOLD. YOU'RE JEWISH AND YOU'RE TAKING THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO L.A.

Gold was amazed. He stepped an Asian man and asked him to get on the scale. Gold dropped in a quarter and out popped a card that read, YOU WEIGH 125 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS CHANG. YOU'RE CHINESE AND YOU'RE TAKING THE 11:30 TRAIN TO CHICAGO.

Several passersby and quarters later, Gold decided to disguise himself to fool the machine. He took a cab into town and bought a wig, putty nose, fake mustache and weird clothes. When he returned to the train station, he inserted a quarter and grabbed the card, which read, YOU WEIGH 165 POUNDS. YOUR NAME IS GOLD. YOU'RE JEWISH AND, SCHMUCK, YOU MISSED YOUR TRAIN!

Tammy frowned at the man who had proposed to her. "I'm sorry, Jack," she said. "I just can't marry you."

"Why not?" he asked. "Is there someone else?"

The frown deepened. "Oh, Jack . . . there must be."



What do Banquo, Topper and Michael Jackson have in common? They're all ghosts of their former selves.

A lawyer newly hired by the Vatican was asked to join the Pope on a fishing trip. As they drifted on the still lake, the lawyer accidentally dropped an oar and watched it float away. The pontiff stepped out of the boat, walked across the water to the oar, grabbed it and walked back to the boat.

The next day at the office, a colleague asked the attorney if he had enjoyed fishing with the Pope.

"It was OK," he replied, "but would you believe that guy can't swim?"

Send a funny one today! Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

Graham
Watson



"Now that's what I call a sand trap."



"OK, let's walk."



"By gosh, Edna, I wonder sometimes how you manage to make a go of it, what with the way the tourist trade has fallen off."

meet charlotte lewis,
england's irrepressible
entry in the starlet wars

BRIT FORCE

and by MICHAEL ANGELI



"CHARLOTTE LEWIS? She's not your type," a movie producer friend of mine happily concluded, as though an imaginary list of contenders had been reduced by one.

"Not my type? But she made love upside down while watching a fashion video," I told him. "That's my type."

"That was a character you wrote into your film," he said. "You created that type. That wasn't Charlotte."

Yeah, so maybe I did write the screenplay for that movie. It was called *Slushy Arms* and it came out on cable a year ago. But the fact is she still did what I wrote. And anyone willing to indulge my fantasies—which are equal parts sex and humor—earns a place on my list of would-be mates.

Charlotte, who is half-Irish, half-Arabic—a combination that endows her with mystery items for eyes—holds within her a synthesis of exotic and wholesome features. Kind of an R-rated Marcia Brady. If Charlotte were lying on her side and cooperating, you could roll a croquet ball under the wicked curve where her hip meets her waist.

This is collo-playing Charlotte, the one who likes beer on hot days, steals pepper mills and bric-a-brac from restaurants, burns incense in her car and takes the nitrous oxide when she has dental work. Her London accent turns "migraine" into "me-graine," her phrase of the month is "his sorry ass" and, lapsing into French existentialism, she murmurs, "No one really knows what anyone deserves, but no one deserves to be hated." Three minutes after we met she was singing Elvis Costello's *The Juliet Letters* to me.

"I could never go out with a writer," she tells me over salads that look like forest settings for a toy train. Such is lunch at Ivy, the Los Angeles restaurant where we met. "I know these writers who have to hike/marinate, rent this cabin in Alaska to get their work done," she goes on. "It would be, like, 'What do you mean, you can't go out with me tonight? I'll sit in the corner and I promise I won't distract you.'"

Yeah, right.

Roman Polanski was the first director who was professionally distracted by Charlotte Lewis. She was just 17 when he hired her to spend nine months as the only woman (she played a Spanish princess) in his film *Pierrot*.

"Roman's girlfriend at the time was a girlfriend of mine and she introduced us," says Charlotte, now 23. "*Pierrot* was, like, part of my youth, part of the time I spent becoming a young woman. It was a strange way to grow up."

Before you could sing "yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum," Charlotte landed her second film role, even though critics keelhauded *Pierrot* and audiences stayed

The Golden Child teamed Charlotte Lewis with Eddie Murphy (top left) on a trek from New York City to Tibet. As part of a political frame-up in 1992's spy *Storyville*, Charlotte shares a not-so-private moment with James Spader (bottom left).





away. Without formal training ("I studied automobile engines in school and missed my calling as a mechanic," she notes) or even the usual acting aspirations, Lewis was on a jet, coming to America. She would co-star in *The Golden Child* with Eddie Murphy, who was stomping around Hollywood like a huge science-fiction creature after the success of *Beverly Hills Cop*. And that's where she really learned the meaning of bad.

"It took me quite a while to get the American sense of humor," she says. "I didn't get that bad means good, or if someone gives at you, it means they dig the shit out of your work. In England, no one talks or acts like that, this brother talk. Now I actually love it and would love to talk it, but it probably wouldn't go down well on me."

After *Child*, Charlotte did something unprecedented in the actress rat race of L.A. She took time off. She gathered some friends for a ruck-sack tour of the globe. There were trips to India, Singapore and Africa. Then it was back to the fiscal reality of room, board and heating bills—not for herself but for her mum in London.

"I've always looked after my mum," says the good daughter. "We didn't have money when I was growing up and she raised me by herself. Now it's my turn. I mean, I can't afford to buy her houses and (not coached on page 146)











A Suit for All Seasons

Action-film actress VERONICA CAROTHERS keeps in shape for her movies (such as *Paid to Kill* and *Fatal Skin*) with her knockout workout exercise routine, which is out on home video.

Celine Undercovered

CELINE DION has a platinum LP on the charts, a couple of hit singles, a slew of Canadian (juno awards [you know, like Grammys]) and an outfit that leaves little to the imagination. Celine's smiling. So are we.



It's Never Dark Before This Dawn

FIM, DAWN have two reasons to cheer: their LP *The Bliss Album* and a cut on the CB4 soundtrack called *The Nocturnal Is in the House*. These Anglophiles, Beatles lovers and pop mystics bring unexpected samples to rap. Listen up.

The Son Also Rises

Musician **DANN NEVILLE** has perfect bloodlines (his father, Aaron, and talented uncles) and rock credentials (playing with Keith Richards). Who could ask for more!



Soul Brothers

A tour with the X-Pensive Wives, a shot on *Saturday Night Live* and good sales of *Grave Dancers Union*: **SOUL ASYLUM** is an overnight success ten years later. Who says Minneapolis belongs to Prince alone?



Hot Top and Cool Bottom

Model and calendar girl **LINDA HOPPER** is also the queen of jeans. She did some national commercials for Jordache and Cavalli. To celebrate summer, Linda does jeans—short—for the fun of it. We're delighted.



Wendy's Armed But Still Dangerous

Actress **WENDY BENT CALLAHAN** has appeared on the stage, in commercials and on screens big and small. In *Grapes of Wrath*, she does little—and that says a lot.

NEXT MONTH



TAIL BATS



BASIC BLACK



FAMILY RUN



LIFE PRESERVER

OUTLAW HEAD AND TAIL—A BOUNDER WITH A PENGUIN-WHANT FOR ROMANZA IS IN BIG TROUBLE WHEN HE VIDEOTAPES THE CARTWRIGHT CLAN OVER HIS WIFE'S SONOGRAM—FICTION BY **GEORGE SINGLETON**

SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE AIRPLANE—AN IN-FLIGHT PRINCE CHARMING LONGS TO SHARE THE HARDY AIR OF HIS BEAUTIFUL SEATMATE EN ROUTE FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK—FICTION BY **GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ**

HOLLY TOMOLLY—OUR FAVORITE ANARCHIST TALKS ABOUT LIFE WITH HIS INREPRESSIBLE BUNDLE OF PSYCHOTECHNIC JOY IN A ROLLICKING ACCOUNT OF FATHERHOOD—BY **PAUL KRASSNER**

THE MYTH OF MALE POWER—THE SECOND EXCERPT FROM **WARREN FARRELL'S** NEW BOOK ON MASCULINITY PLUS OUR BOOBIES, OUR SHELVES, A MEN'S GUIDE TO WOMEN WHO READ BOOKS ABOUT MEN—HUMOR BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

SCOTT TUROW, AMERICA'S PREEMINENT LAWYER-NOVELIST, PONDERES LEGALIZED DRUGS, SEXUAL HARASSMENT DEVOID OF SEX AND THROWS THE BOOK AT OUR JUDICIAL SYSTEM IN A PROVOCATIVE 20 QUESTIONS

THE REPRESSION THAT KILLS—A STARTLING LOOK AT THE TIES BETWEEN HOMICIDE, SADISM AND SEXUAL REPRESSION—BY FORMER MANHATTAN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ORBIT WRITER **DAVID HEILBRONER**

DAN AYKROYD, BLUES BROTHER, GHOSTBUSTER AND KILLER BEE, GOES EN CONE AND REVEALS HIS PERSONAL SIDE IN A WILD AND CRAZY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

DOCTOR, DOCTOR, WHAT IS THE NEWS?—WHILE HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON WRESTLES WITH AMERICA'S HEALTH CARE SYSTEM IN WASHINGTON, **JONATHAN GREENBERG** COMES UP WITH SOME CANNY IDEAS ABOUT REFORM

ERIC BOGDOSIAN, STREETWISE FUNDIT AND CONSUMMATE PERFORMANCE ARTIST, COMES CLEAN ABOUT THE STRANGE APPEAL OF A FEMALE-ORDERED DESTINY IN A MANTRACK GUEST OPINION

PLUS: **JEFF GOLDBLUM**, STAR OF JURASSIC PARK, IN FASHIONABLE BLACK; PLAYMATE **JENNIFER LAVOIE**; THOSE EXCLUSIVE SMALL-BATCH BOURBONS; A MOM AND HER DAUGHTERS; CD STORAGE UNITS; AND TEN HEART-STOPPING PAGES ON LADY LIFE GUARDS